BLACKTHORNE INCORPORATED PUBLISHING

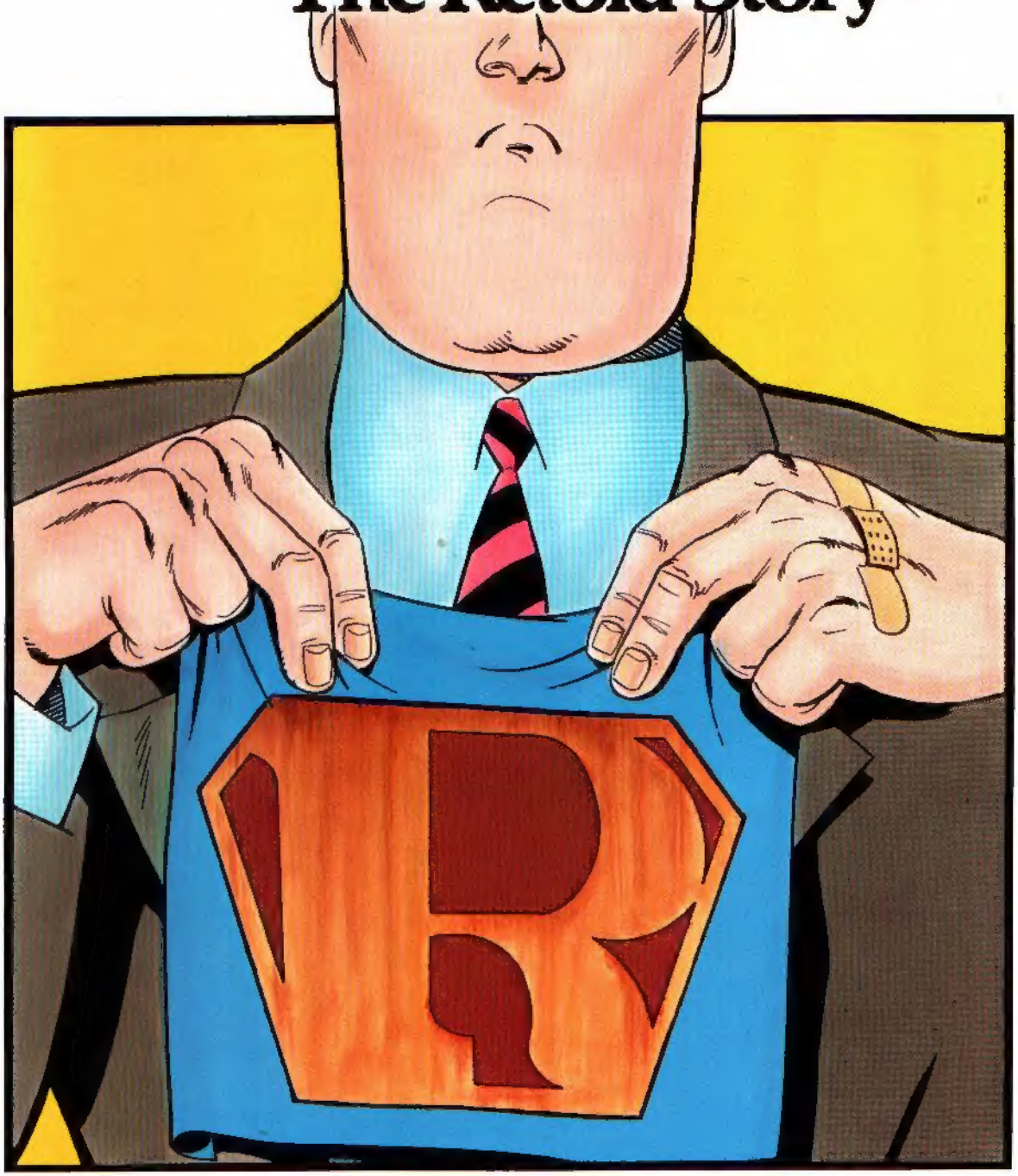
NO. 1 A

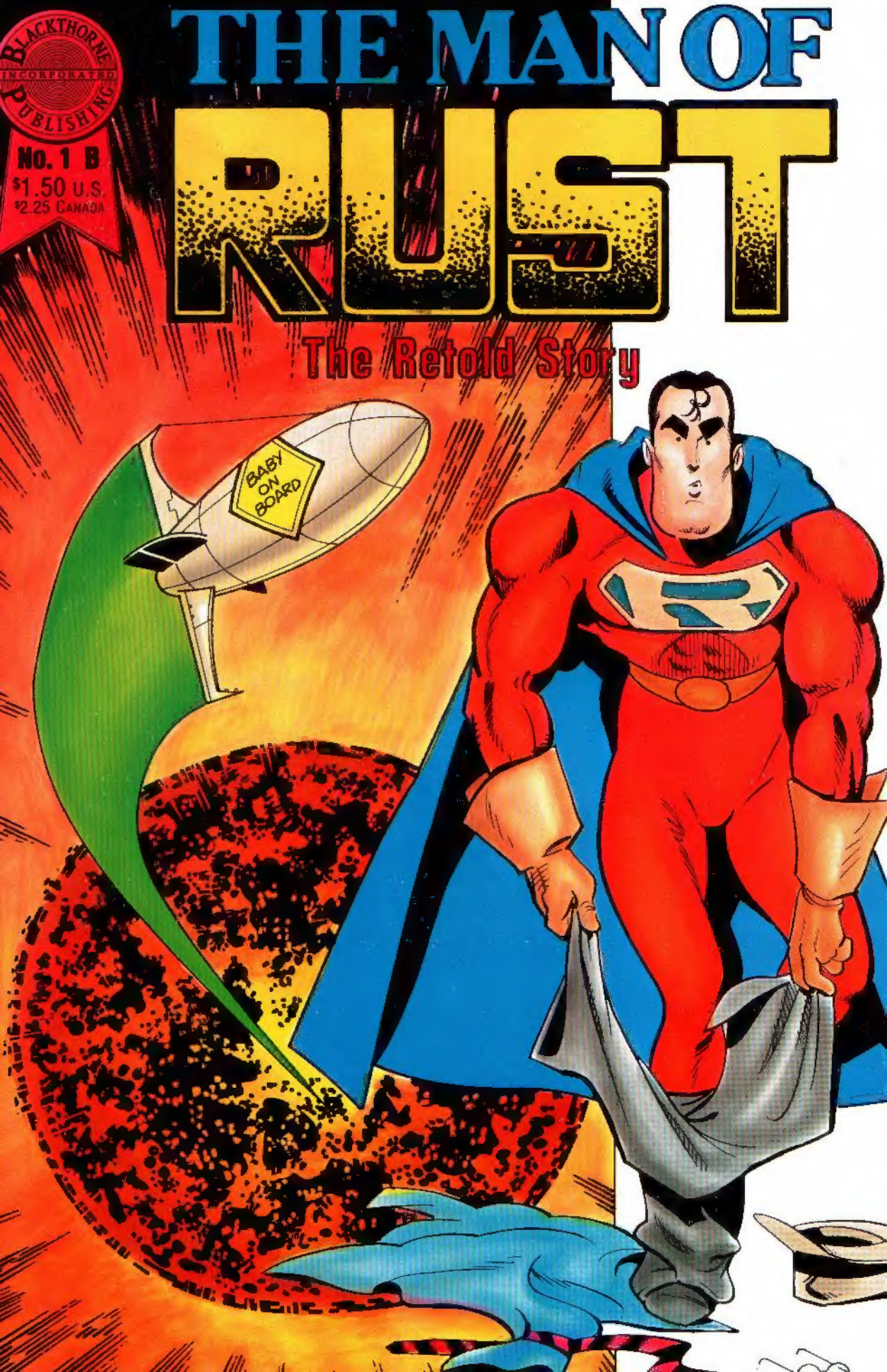
$1.50 U.S.

$2.25 CANADA

THE MAN OF RUST

· The Retold Story ·




BLACKTHORNE
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THE MAN OF
RUST
The Retold Story
BABY
ON
BOARD

THE MAN OF RUST

Rustic Beginnings

"I've got an idea to publish a parody entitled *Man of Rust*," said Steve Schanes, enthusiastically. "Rich Burchett is going to illustrate it, and I want you to write the story."

Saying yes was the easy part, Writing a parody of a comic I'd never seen was the hard part (you must realize I wrote this before *Man of Steel* was released). An interesting problem.

The first part of my plan was to study John Byrne's style, so that *The Man of Rust* would have the same feel. That proved unsatisfying. When I discovered that although Byrne is an excellent and skilled artist and writer, his style is not as distinctive as say, Frank Miller's.

So there I was, with no style to imitate, and no book to parody. Then as happens in these cases, inspiration hit. I was driving along at 10:00 on a Friday night, listening to Mike Hodel's Hour 25, when I heard host Harlan Ellison's dissertation about DC and how they were "arbitrarily altering the legend." "Click." The light bulb went on, and I went home and wrote a satire that dealt with the impact on the characters whose lives and history had been arbitrarily altered.

Mike Friedrich did a sensational job as my editor, and taught me alot, although he did make me change my beloved last line (the current one is also meant to look at a certain publisher's arbitrary dealing with history.) Rich Burchett did a terrific job bringing my ideas to life, and Craig Cobert's lettering is letter-perfect.

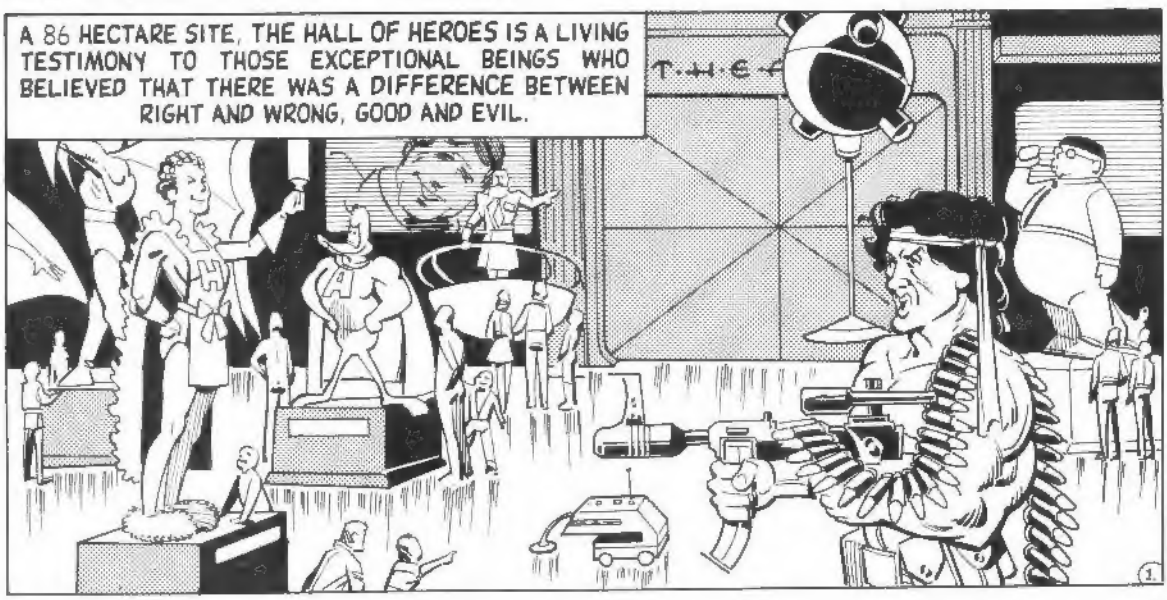
Anyway, here it is. I hope it is a successful parody, but more importantly, I hope you like it.

Cliff MacGillivray
Writer

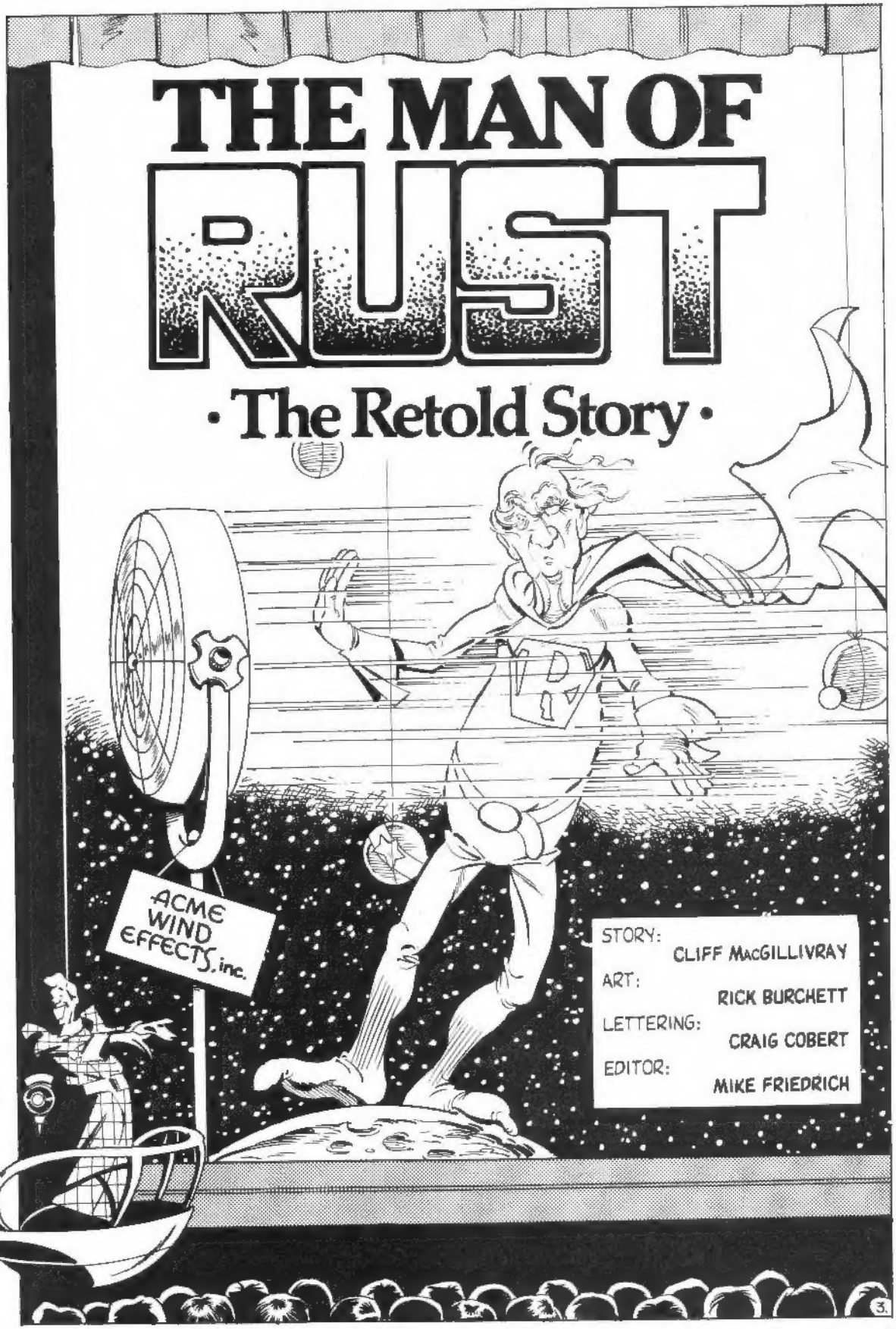
***MAN OF RUST #1*, November 1986.** Published by BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, INC., 786 Blackthorne Avenue, El Cajon, California 92020, U.S.A. Telephone (619) 463-9603. *Steven J. Schanes* and *Ann E. Fera*, Publishers. *Paul Tallerday*, Production Coordinator. *Lynn Cobb*, Production Manager. *David Johnson*, Production Assistant. *Ann E. Fera*, Circulation Manager. *Cliff MacGillivray*, Marketing/Promotions. *John Stephenson*, Staff Editor. *Man of Rust* ©1986 Cliff MacGillivray and Rich Burchett. Edited by Mike Friedrich. Lettered by Craig Cobert. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or part without specific written permission from the publisher and copyright holders. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutuions with any living or dead names, characters, persons and/or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist, with the exception of parody, is purely coincidental. Front covers (A and B) ©1986 Rich Burchett. Cover coloring by Michael Kelley.
First Edition, November 1986

Printed in the U.S.A.

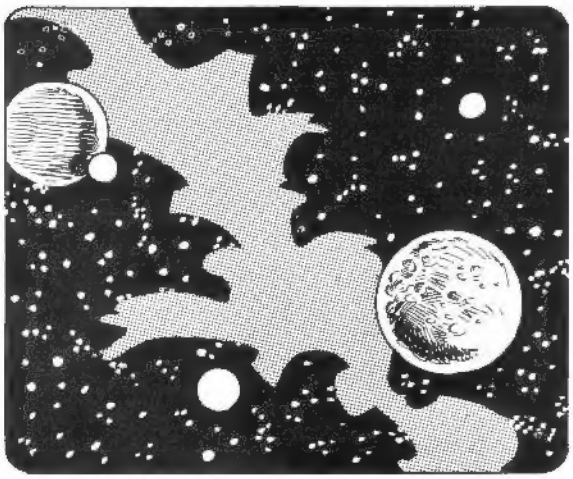
THE YEAR: 3955.
THE CITY: MEGAMEGALOPOLIS.
DAILY REPORTED CRIME STATISTICS: 16,000 MURDERS, 42,000 RAPES, 180,000 ASSAULTS.
YET, IN AN INCORPORATED SECTION CALLED SUPERTOWN, THERE STANDS A MONUMENT TO SPECIAL INDIVIDUALS: THE SUPERHEROES.
SEX
HELL
HOUSE OF HANDS
SINEMAXX
RAW
DEBBIE DOES DEEP SPACE
THAT'S RIGHT! ALL YOUR MONEY OR I BEAM YOU TO NEW JERSEY.


A 86 HECTARE SITE, THE HALL OF HEROES IS A LIVING TESTIMONY TO THOSE EXCEPTIONAL BEINGS WHO BELIEVED THAT THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, GOOD AND EVIL.
T·H·E

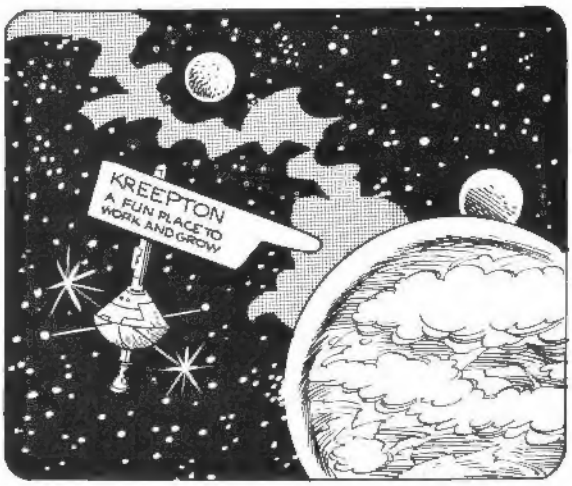
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. AS HAS BEEN ADVERTISED, WE HAVE FOR YOU TODAY THE WORLD PREMIERE OF "PLANET CREEPTON, THE UNTOLD STORY".
FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, WE HAVE ON VID THE SECRET ORIGIN OF THE MAN OF RUST HIMSELF, THE GREATEST SUPERHERO WHO EVER LIVED.
PAINSTAKINGLY RESEARCHED AT INCREDIBLE EXPENSE AND FILMED USING THE NEW BACKTIME FILMING PROCESS, WE ARE ABLE TO BRING TO YOU THE UNTOLD STORY AS IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!
T·H·E·A·T·R
SO JUST STEP THIS WAY.
INCIDENTALLY, FOLKS, THE PILLARS ON EACH SIDE WERE TAKEN FROM THE ACTUAL FORT OF SOLITUDE.
I THOUGHT THERE REALLY WASN'T A FORT OF SOLITUDE.
WELL . . . ER . . . RUN ALONG KID, THE FILM WILL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS.
LITTLE SMART ALECK.
MOM ISN'T BAD THOUGH.


THE MAN OF
RUST
· The Retold Story ·
ACME WIND EFFECTS, inc.
STORY: CLIFF MacGILLIVRAY
ART: RICK BURCHETT
LETTERING: CRAIG COBERT
EDITOR: MIKE FRIEDRICH
3.

OVER 2,000 YEARS AGO AN EVENT OCCURED THAT CHANGED THE COURSE OF MANKIND'S HISTORY.



IT STARTED ON A PRISON PLANET CALLED "CREEPTON," IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY.

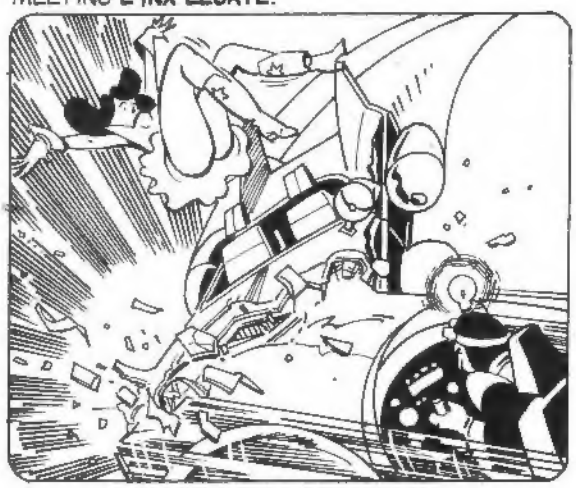


CREEPTON WAS AN UGLY, DISUSTING, BARELY HABITABLE PLANET WHERE THE GALAXY'S MURDERERS, TERRORISTS, AND OTHER SCUM WERE SENT TO ROT AND DIE.

THE LIVES OF UNBORN INNOCENTS WERE PROTECTED.

SOMEHOW THE MAD SCIENTIST **JERK—EL** WAS ABLE TO SLIP BY WITHOUT BEING OPERATED ON.

ONCE ON CREEPTON HE WASTED NO TIME IN MEETING **LYNX LEGATE.**

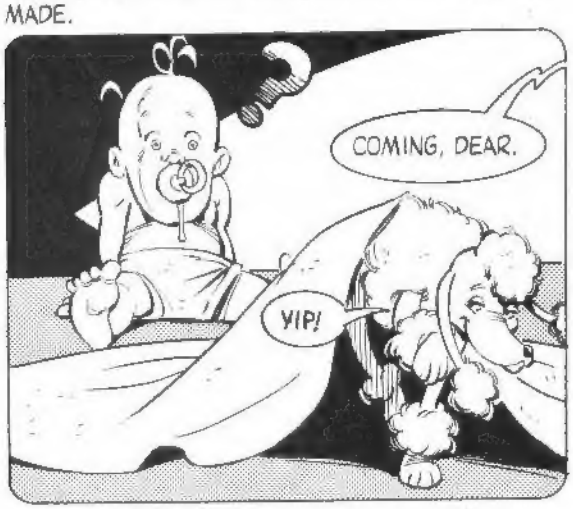


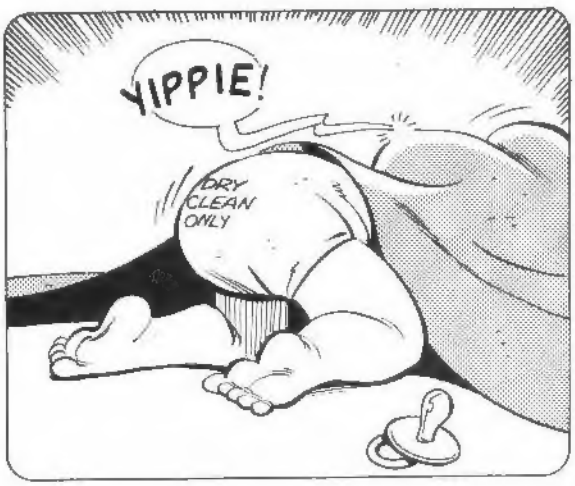
TIME PASSED, AND SOON LYNX HATCHED A NINE-POUND BABY CHIN.

ABOUT THE SAME TIME JERK-EL WAS WORKING ON A SECRET INVENTION THAT WOULD ENABLE HIM TO ESCAPE.

AS THE BIG NIGHT FOR THE TEST FLIGHT ARRIVED, THE SCIENTIST SEARCHED FOR A LIVING BEING TO SEND ALONG.

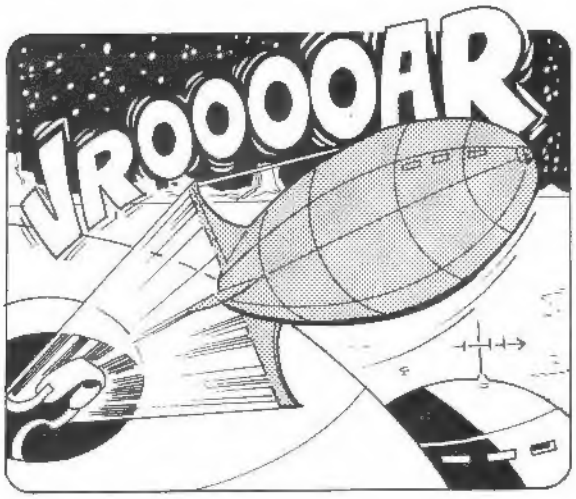
WITH JERK-EL GONE, THE HISTORIC SWITCH WAS MADE.



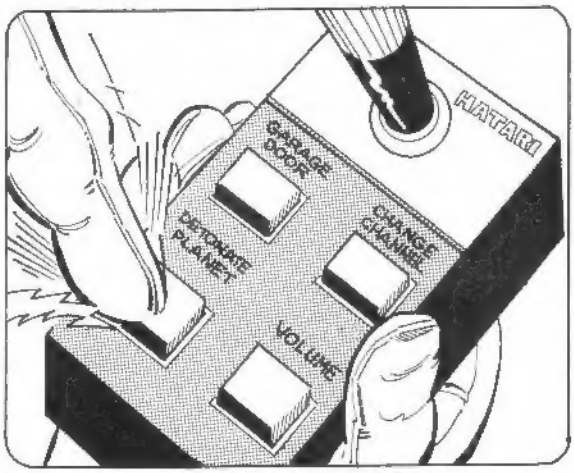


FINALLY THE MOMENT ARRIVED . . .

. . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1



DISCOVERING HIS MISTAKE, JERK-EL **PANICKED.**



THE EARTH WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME.

THANK YOU. WE'RE GLAD YOU ENJOYED ONE, TRUE, UPDATED FILM ABOUT THE MAN OF RUST'S ORIGINS.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
AS A SPECIAL TREAT TODAY, THE GREATEST SUPERHERO OF THEM ALL HAS AGREED TO JOIN US FOR THE PREMIERE OF THIS SENSATIONAL FILM.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE MAN OF RUST!
THE MAN OF RUST!
I THOUGHT HE WAS INVULNERABLE?
HE IS. HE'S JUST OLD.
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

THE MAN OF RUST WILL NOW ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS YOU MIGHT HAVE.
THAT EXPLOSION WAS NEAT! WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEING THERE?
WELL . . ER . . I . . UH . .
I WAS PRETTY YOUNG . . BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT . . . CREEPTON WAS A NICER PLACE . .
WHAT RUSTY'S TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THROUGH THE MAGIC OF BACKTIME FILMING, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO REMEMBER.
RIGHT RUSTY BABY?
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU TELL ME . . .
WERE THERE ANY OTHER SURVIVORS?
8.
WELL . . . THERE WERE . . .
I'LL ANSWER THIS ONE.
THE LATEST RESEARCH HAS PROVED THAT THERE WERE ABSOLUTELY NO OTHER SURVIVORS.
HOW ABOUT LETTING HIM TALK?
YEAH! HOW ABOUT IT?
SHUT YOUR FACE.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
IT'S SO HARD TO REMEMBER . . . IT SEEMS LIKE . . . THE STORY, OR MY MEMORY, OR HISTORY KEEPS CHANGING.

I RECALL AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER HAVING A NUMBER OF SUPER PETS. I THINK . . . THEY ALL CAME FROM CREEPTON . . .
MY FAVORITE WAS "FORKIE" . . . I ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE THEY GOT THOSE LITTLE CAPES . . .
BUT ONE DAY THEY DISAPPEARED . . . MAYBE THEY RAN AWAY . . . MAYBE I IMAGINED THEM . . . IT'S SO HARD TO REMEMBER . . .
IN ALL CANDOR I SEEM TO REMEMBER OTHERS . . . GIRL OF RUST . . . CREEPTO . . . AN ENTIRE CITY CALLED KALKAN OR KALDOR OR SOMETHING
IT SEEMED LIKE THE CITY WAS SO SMALL . . . MAYBE IT WAS A TOY CITY . . . THAT I USED TO PLAY WITH AND MAYBE I MADE THOSE PEOPLE UP . I KNOW IT'S NOT AROUND NOW.
NO DEPOSIT
9

I . . . HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING . . . PEOPLE . . . HISTORIANS KEEP TELLING ME DIFFERENT STORIES.
BUT I WAS THERE! I SHOULD KNOW!
HE'S BABBLING. I SHOULD CALL THE NUTHOUSE.
WHAT'S THE "R" STAND FOR? DIDN'T IT USED TO BE A DIFFER ENT LETTER?
THAT'S ONE NED SHOULD ANSWER . . . I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF . . . I JUST WANTED TO FIGHT CRIME.
THANKS, RUSTY.
YOU MAY REMEMBER FROM YOU HISTORY CLASSES THE GREAT SUPERHERO LICENSING WAR OF 2411. IT WAS A VICIOUS DISGUSTING CONFLICT THAT LEFT A VERY FEW WEALTHY AND THE REST PENNILESS.
FORTUNATELY OUR MAN HERE SIGNED EARLY WITH THE WORLD'S FINEST CONGLOMERATE, RUST AWAY INDUSTRIES, MAKERS OF THE FINEST ARRAY OF RUST REMOVAL PRODUCTS IN THE UNIVERSE.
HIS EARLY SIGNING LEFT HIM FREE TO DO IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE PROMOTE ADVERTISE AND . . .
RUST AWAY
CATCH CRIMINALS
THAT'S RIGHT THANKS BIG R CATCH CRIMINALS.
OF COURSE IT DOESN'T HURT THAT RUST IS STRONGER THAN ANY METAL ON EARTH, EVEN STEEL.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT.
WHY IS IT ALL THE WOMEN'S NAMES HAVE THE INITIALS LL?
YOU'VE GOT LYNX LEGATE, THE MOTHER — LANA LANKY, THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND — LOIS LAZY THE REPORTER — AND LYLA LATEX, THE GIRL FROM CREEPTON . . .
. . . LOTSA LUCK. HIS MAID . . . HIS LATIN LOVER "LAVA LIPS LOPEZ" . . . AND EVEN HIS LABRADOR, LUCY . . . THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS.
DID THE TYPEWRITER STICK? WAS "L" SOMEONE'S FAVORITE LETTER?
AND **ANOTHER** THING. WHERE IN THE HECK DID ALL THE **CREEPTONITE** COME FROM?
I MEAN THE . . . ER . . . UH . . . PLANET **EXPLODED** GALAXIES AWAY . . .
DO YOU EVER WONDER HOW MANY BULLETS ARE IN THIS **GUN**?
WELL, DO YA, **PUNK**?

GENTLEMEN PLEASE!
RUSTY DO SOMETHING!
PLEASE SIR... THERE ARE CHILDREN IN THE ROOM.
OOPS, SORRY. I'LL WAIT TILL LATER.
I THINK WE HAVE TIME FOR ONE MORE QUESTION. IF IT'S OK WITH YOU MR. MAYOR?
OK. BUT MAKE IT QUICK. I M GETTIN A HEADACHE.
I'VE ONLY SEEN THE MAN OF RUST MOVIES BACK TO LXIV. WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU LANDED?
WELL, I'LL HAVE TO USE ANOTHER FLASHBACK. MR. MAYOR?
MAKE IT THE LAST ONE.
AND NO SEX. I DON'T WANT THE KID'S MIND WARPED.
WELL... HERE'S HOW I REMEMBER IT...

WHEN I LANDED, I WAS DISCOVERED BY A SIMPLE . . . SOMEWHAT BACKWARDS COUPLE — **THE KANTIVISKIS.**

I'M TELLING YOU MA. THIS NEW-FANGLED THING DOESN'T HAVE A STEERING WHEEL.

HOW TO FIX A TRACTOR

THEY WERE NEVER ABLE TO HAVE A CHILD OF THEIR OWN. SO THEY WERE THRILLED WHEN THEY FOUND ME.

EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY UNTIL . . .

MA AND PA WERE PUT THROUGH A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE.

LOOK AT THAT HEAD! IT MUST BE AN ALIEN

WATERMELONS

LET'S TAKE HIM HOME AND RAISE HIM TO WORK AROUND THE FARM

IT'S THE KANTIVISKIS! **THEY'VE GOT SOME-ONES BABY!**

POLICE

OK, WHERE DID YOU GET THE KID?

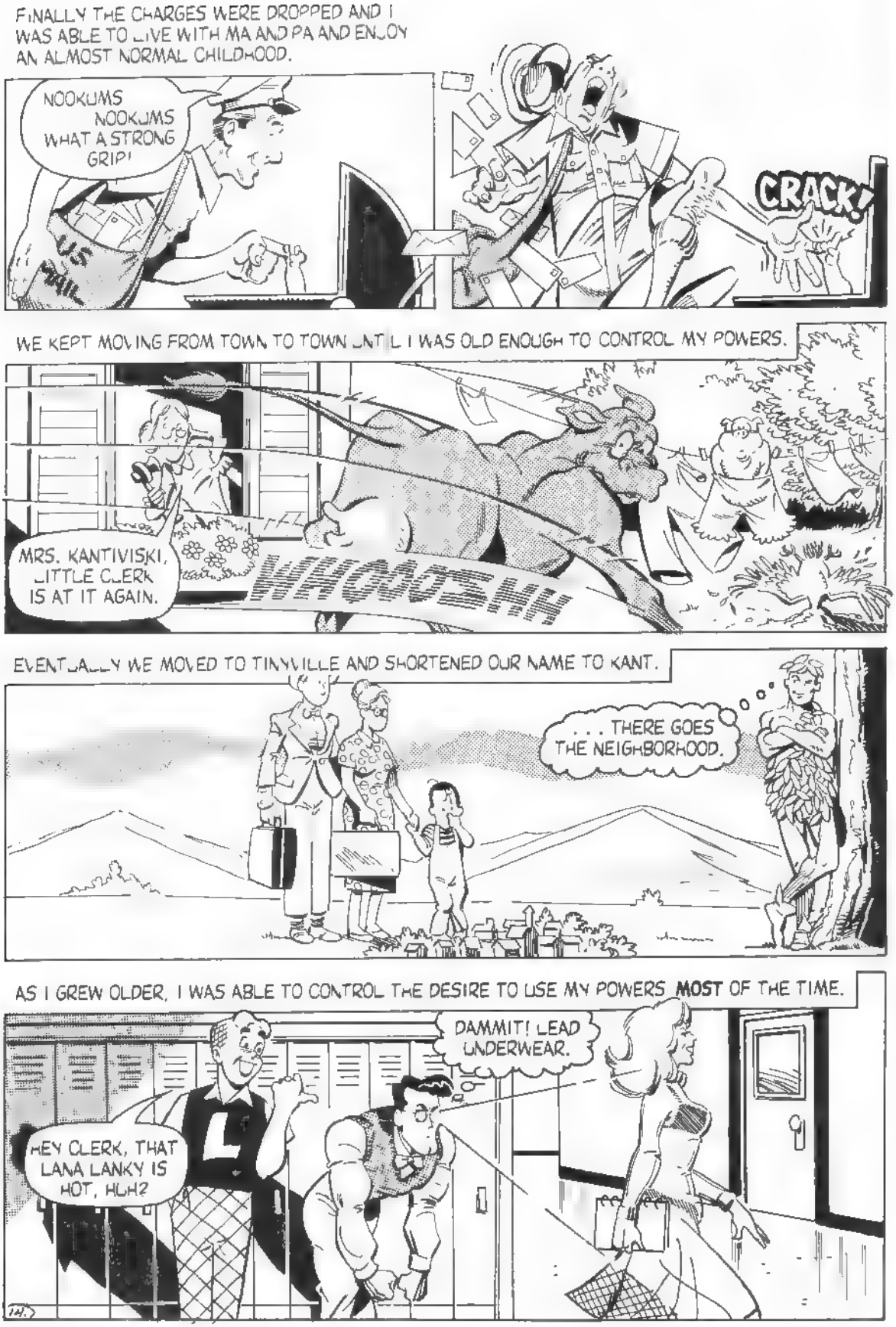
IF YOU DON'T TALK WE'LL FIND OUT ANYWAY.

EVEN NOW OUR CRACK TEAM OF INVESTIGATORS IS COMPARING THE KID TO PICTURES OF **MISSING CHILDREN** . . .

I DUNNO. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TOO TALL.

13


FINALLY THE CHARGES WERE DROPPED AND I WAS ABLE TO LIVE WITH MA AND PA AND ENJOY AN ALMOST NORMAL CHILDHOOD.
NOOKUMS NOOKUMS WHAT A STRONG GRIP!
US MAIL
CRACK!
WE KEPT MOVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN UNTIL I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO CONTROL MY POWERS.
MRS. KANTIVISKI, LITTLE CLERK IS AT IT AGAIN.
WHOOSH
EVENTUALLY WE MOVED TO TINYVILLE AND SHORTENED OUR NAME TO KANT.
. . . THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
AS I GREW OLDER, I WAS ABLE TO CONTROL THE DESIRE TO USE MY POWERS MOST OF THE TIME.
DAMMIT! LEAD UNDERWEAR.
HEY CLERK, THAT LANA LANKY IS HOT, HUH?

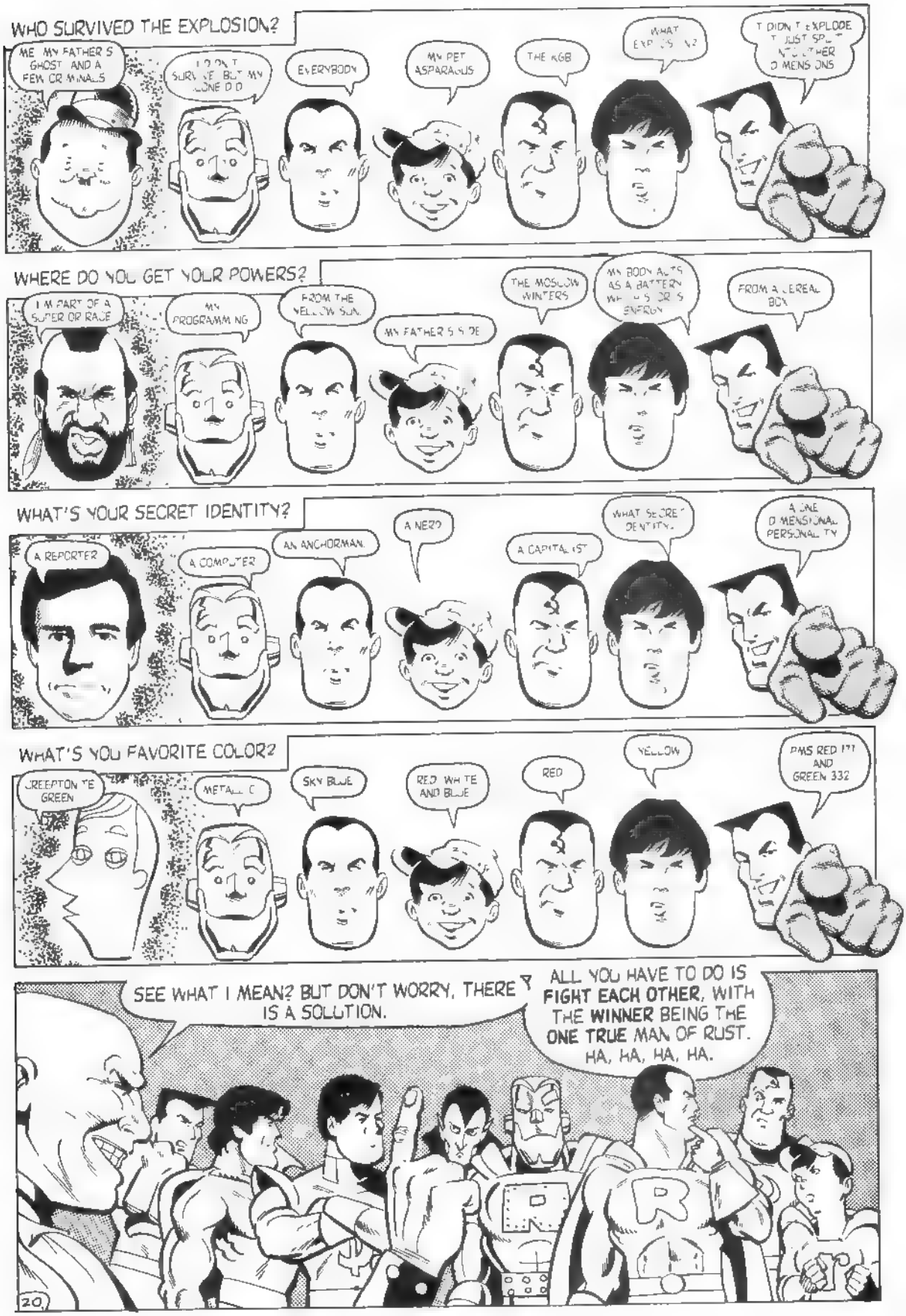
THE REST OF COURSE IS HISTORY . . . DEPENDING ON WHO YOU TALK TO, I GUESS . . .
YOU REMEMBER OUR NEXT GUEST, RUSTERS?
IT'S YOUR OLD BUDDY AND ARCH ENEMY — TEX TOOTHER, THE COUNTRY WESTERN CRIMINAL.
WHILE TEX IS THAWING, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US WHY YOU PUT HIM ON ICE SO TO SPEAK.
WELL....I ..ER..UH...
...I...UH...HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
HE'S THE REAL THING!
WHAT?
THAT'S RIGHT PARDNER, I'M THE REAL THING.
WHACK
WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR THIS IMPOSTER.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THAT'S RIGHT! GIDDYUP YOU INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE DOGGIES!
SO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY THE MAN OF RUST LEFT ME ON ICE?
SET DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.
ACTUALLY I WAS WONDERING WHY YOU'RE WEARING . . . UH . . . WOMEN'S CLOTHES.
WELL, FIRST I WAS BALD, THEN I WASN'T. THEN I WAS.
SAME THING WITH THE CLOTHES.
ANYWAY, THE REASON HE FROZE ME WAS BECAUSE I WAS PERFECTIN' A DEVICE THAT WOULD CHANGE HIS LIFE ON THIS EARTH FOREVER.
THE TRANSWORLD TRANSDIMENSIONAL TRANSPORTER!

HE KNEW THAT WITH A FLICK OF A SWITCH I COULD SUMMON EARTH-TWO'S MAN OF RUST.
BOINK!
BY CREEPTON!
WHERE AM I?
IS THIS CREEPTON? OH HOW I CAN'T WAIT TO GO BACK TO SUCH A WONDERFUL PLACE! I HEAR IT'S JUST LIKE KANSAS.
BOY RUST.
BOINK
OR I COULD SUMMON THE MAN OF RUST FROM EARTH-THREE!
AND EARTH-THREE-D!
BOINK!
BOINK!
HOW ABOUT THE MAN OF RUST AND HIS BROTHER MONEY-EL FROM EARTH-17B!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BOINK!
17

HA
HA
HA

YOU SEE, HE KNEW I COULD ROUND UP ALL THE MAN OF RUSTS THAT EVER WAS
WHAT WAS YOUR EVIL PURPOSE?
DON'T YOU SAVVY, YOU OVERGROWN TRACTOR FROM EARTH-TIN?
I WANT TO SHOW YOUR FANS THAT THERE ARE TOO MANY DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF YA'LL.
SO MANY THAT THEY CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE REAL ONE!
LITTLE KIDS WILL BE CONFUSED, ADULTS WILL BE CONFUSED, YA'LL BE CONFUSED
AND YA'LL DIE 'CAUSE OF LACK OF INTEREST. HA HA, HA, HA, HA!
GOLLY, GEE, THAT'S UNTRUE. WE MAY LIVE ON DIFFERENT EARTHS, BUT WE'RE ALL THE SAME. WE ALL CAME FROM THE SAME PLACE.
OH YEAH!
WHAT WAS CREEPTON LIKE?
HEAVEN
A FACTORY
JUST GO TO THE CITY OF KALKAN AND SEE
WONDERFUL!
AN OPPRESSIVE PLACE.
I DON'T KNOW
FLAT


WHO SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION?
ME MY FATHER'S GHOST AND A FEW CRIMINALS
I DON'T SURVIVE BUT MY CLONE DID
EVERYBODY
MY PET ASPARAGUS
THE KGB
WHAT EXPLOSION?
I DIDN'T EXPLODE I JUST SPLIT INTO OTHER DIMENSIONS
WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR POWERS?
I'M PART OF A SUPER ORGANISM
MY PROGRAMMING
FROM THE YELLOW SUN
MY FATHER'S SIDE
THE MOSCOW WINTERS
MY BODY ACTS AS A BATTERY WHICH RECHARGES ENERGY
FROM A CEREAL BOX
WHAT'S YOUR SECRET IDENTITY?
A REPORTER
A COMPUTER
AN ANCHORMAN
A NERD
A CAPITALIST
WHAT SECRET IDENTITY?
A ONE DIMENSIONAL PERSONALITY
WHAT'S YOU FAVORITE COLOR?
JREEPTON'E GREEN
METALLIC
SKY BLUE
RED WHITE AND BLUE
RED
YELLOW
PMS RED 177 AND GREEN 332
SEE WHAT I MEAN? BUT DON'T WORRY, THERE IS A SOLUTION.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIGHT EACH OTHER, WITH THE WINNER BEING THE ONE TRUE MAN OF RUST. HA, HA, HA, HA.
20

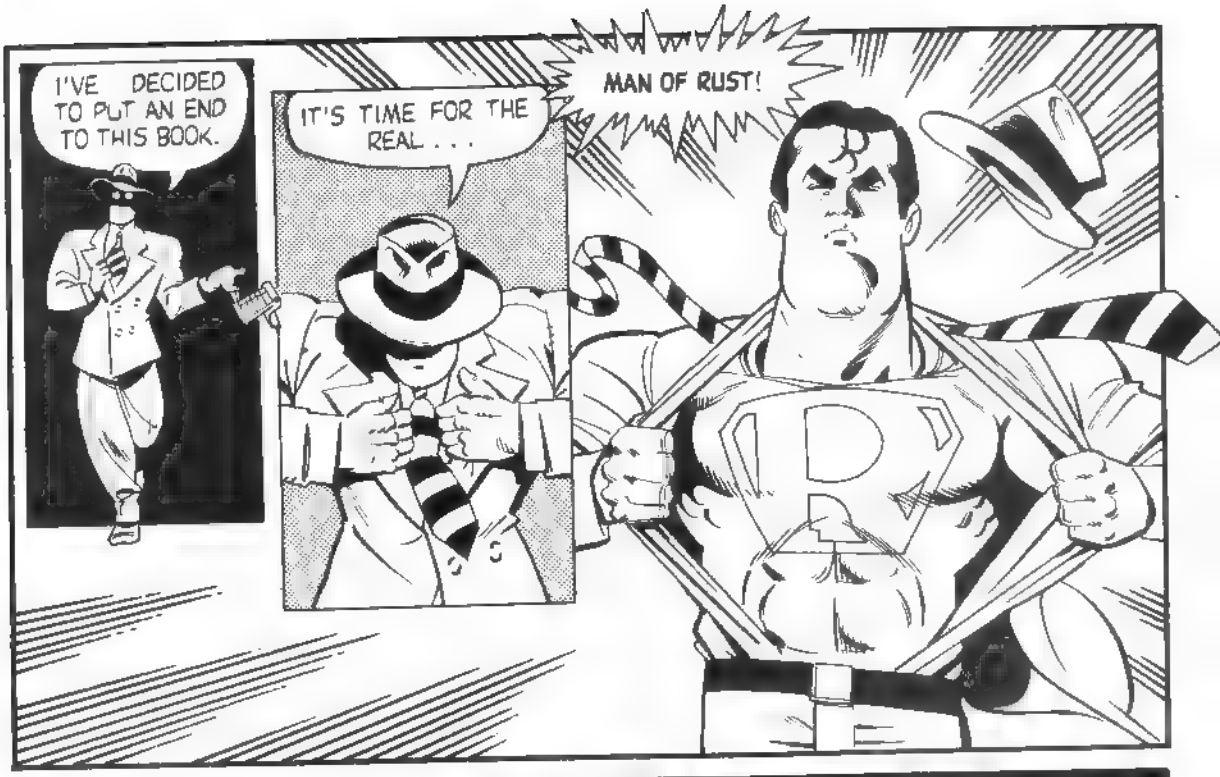
RASH!
POW!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
CRASH!
FOR CREEPTON'S SAKE! THERE MUST BE A BETTER . . .
POW!
WOW! THIS IS GREAT!

BIP!
BAP!
TOGETHER BROTHER!
HA, HA, HA YOU GET YOUR POWERS FROM THE YELLOW SUN, DON'T YOU?
?
!
BECAUSE OF ALL THE POLLUTION OF THIS PLANET, THE SUN IS BLACK! HA! HA! HA!
TA-TOOO
MAYBE MY FRIGID BREATH WILL COOL YOU DOWN.
KKKKKKKKK
C-RAAAACK!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO SIBERIAN WINTERS!
WHAT OTHER BIZARRE POWERS DO YOU HAVE?
I CAN CONTROL MY HEARTBEAT, SLOWING IT TO A POINT WHERE I CAN SIMULATE DEATH
THIS IS TOO EASY!
DON T MOVE COMRADE. I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE HAMMER OF THE MAN OF RUST
KAWHAAM
23

THEY SEND A BOY TO DO A MAN S JOB.
YOU RE A SISSY!
SISSY!
NA NA NA NA NA SISSY!
WHO?
WHAT?
IT'S YOU, YOU LITTLE TWERP. I FORGOT YOU CAN THROW YOU VOICE
THAT'S A FASCINATING POWER.
BOM
CAN YOU CHANGE YOUR FACE TO RESEMBLE A MAN?
SURE!
GREAT! I'M NOT PROGRAMMED TO PUNCH A FEMALE HUMAN.
KLANG!

HOLD IT YOU MANGY COYOTES!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, NOW I'M GONNA HAVE MINE.
RECOGNIZE THIS?
CREEPTONITE!
HERE. CATCH!
METALLIC CREEPTONITE! I'M MELTING.
YOU'RE ALL WRONG, IT'S TRIMENSIONAL CREEPTONITE!
YOU FOOLS! THIS IS A BLACK AND WHITE COMIC!
IT'S BLACK CREEPTONITE!
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH
25


I'VE DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO THIS BOOK.
IT'S TIME FOR THE REAL . . .
MAN OF RUST!

I SAT AND WATCHED YOU WORK YOUR EVIL PLAN TEX TOOTHER...

. . . BUT I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T WORK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

YOU SEE I AM THE GREATEST SUPER HERO OF THEM ALL
IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT THERE ARE ALL THESE DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF ME. THE OLD MAN. THE ROBOT.

BECAUSE I LIVE IN THE HEARTS AND THE MINDS OF EVERYONE WHO BELIEVES IN TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY.
AND THAT IS BIGGER THAN YOU. BIGGER THAN ANYONE WHO TRIES TO REMAKE ME IN THEIR OWN IMAGE.

ANYWAY, I'VE DECIDED TO EXILE YOU TO A DISTANT ASTEROID. BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T BE ALONE . . .
I'M BRINGING TOGETHER ALL YOUR WIVES FROM THE MULTIPLE-EARTHS! HOPE YOU ENJOY YOURSELF!
TEX WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CLOTHES?
TAKE OUT THE TRASH! MOW THE LAWN!
LOOK AT ME WHILE I'M TALKING TO YOU!
NOW FOR THE REST OF YOU.
JUST RELAX. COME TO ME. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE A PART OF ME.
THAT'S IT. WE'RE ALL TOGETHER NOW.
MUC' BETTI
27

LET'S GO KID, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME
HOW COME YOU WERE GONE FOR SO MANY YEARS, MR. RUST?
WELL, I FELT LIKE THERE WERE TOO MANY WRONGS TO RIGHT, TOO MANY CRIMINALS TO CATCH
WHATEVER I DID, PEOPLE CRITICIZED ME FOR NOT DOING MORE. BUT I REALIZED THAT I CAN ONLY BE WHO I AM, AND THAT I CAN'T SATISFY EVERYONE
SO I DECIDED TO COME BACK AND DO THE BEST THAT I CAN, AND FACE THE FACT THAT I CAN'T SAVE EVERYBODY
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE READING?
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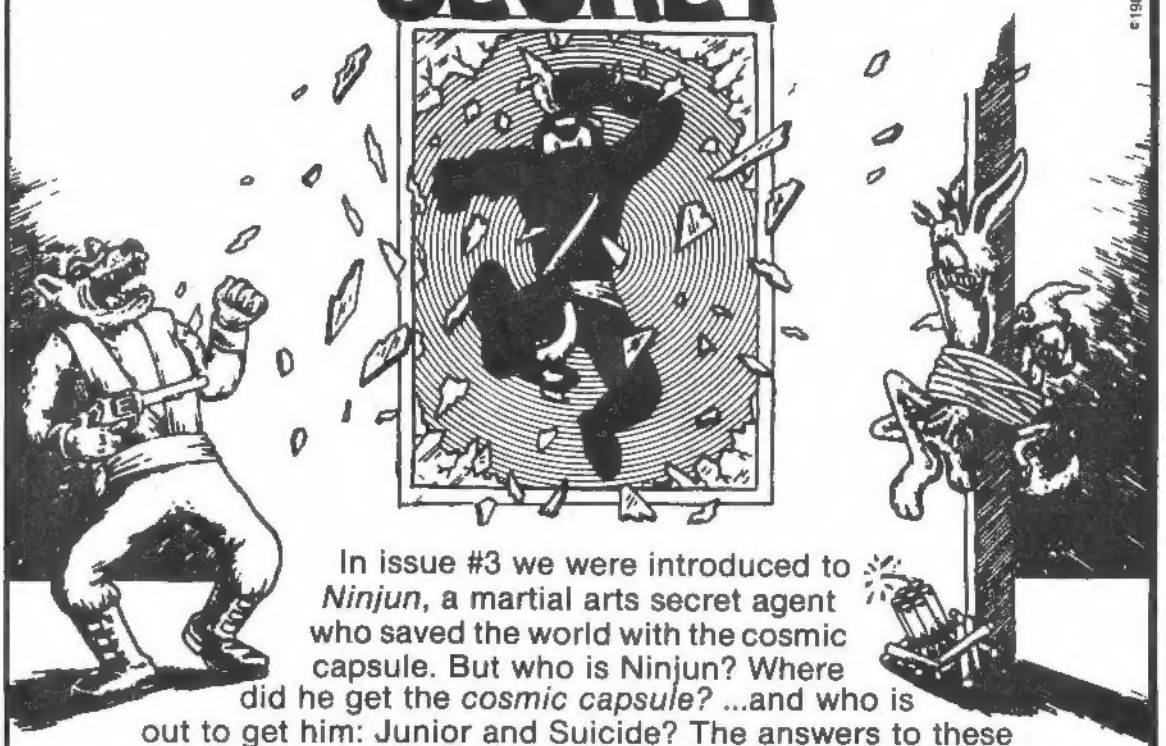
TALES OF THE JACKALOPE 5

NINJUN'S SECRET



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In issue #3 we were introduced to *Ninjun*, a martial arts secret agent who saved the world with the cosmic capsule. But who is Ninjun? Where did he get the *cosmic capsule*? ...and who is out to get him: Junior and Suicide? The answers to these questions and more will be revealed in the fifth issue of *Tales of the Jackalope!* ...all that, and *Mammy Vice* too!

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